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tween the two primitive colors which compose it. For example, purple ought never to be employed between blue and red; green between blue and yellow; or orange between yellow and red; but each primitive color should be contrasted with its complementary one, which will always be found to be a compound one. Thus, red is a primitive color, but green is a compound one; yellow is primitive, and purple compound; and blue, primitive, and orange compound. In some cases, where one color is employed in a large quantity, and another in a very small quantity, one primitive color may be opposed to another, with good effect. For example, adjoining a mass of blue there may be a speck of red, or of yellow. This doctrine holds good more particularly when masses of compound colors are employed; and thus nothing is finer in effect than a mass of green with two or three specks of red, or of bright yellow. A solitary red flower in the midst of a field of green grass, is an object of great beauty. If we consider black and white as primitive colors, the same doctrine will apply to them; and thus specks of bright light, or of clear black, may be placed adjoining, or among objects of any color whatever.

In disposing of an assortment of flowers, with a view of producing a general harmony of coloring, the same colors should recur at least thrice in the same nosegay. One of these masses of color ought to be larger than any of the others of the same kind; and the other two masses or specks ought to be of different sizes, and not so far distant from the first, or principal mass, as not to be easily recognized by the eye. This necessity for three or more portions of color, of a principal mass, and of secondary ones, is derived from the principle of a whole; for to constitute this there must not only be parts, but a predominating part.

Thus, in arranging flowers, not only in bouquets, but in conservatories and gardens, each color should be carried on in the same manner, and according to the same rules of art, as a painter would use in painting a picture. The green is carried throughout the whole naturally by the leaves; but the reds, the blues, and the yellows, or any of their intermediate shades, should be so arranged as to carry each color on throughout the whole, to satisfy the eye.

In the disposition of flowers and trees, a perfect black seldom, if ever, occurs; indeed, it is believed that there is no such thing in nature as a perfect black flower; but the very deep browns and blues in flowers, and the very dark evergreens in trees, may be treated as blacks. These, with whites, which are abundant in flowers, and to be found on trees with silvery foliage, may be sparingly introduced everywhere; but never in masses, when the end to be attained is gaiety, variety, or beauty. Fine woods are objects of gloom and grandeur, and plantations of silvery willows, or other white-leaved trees, are scenes of great sameness and insipidity. When single pines occur, or single willows, or groups of two or three of either class of trees, they become objects of a different kind, and are either picturesque, elegant, varied, or even beautiful, according to their own particular forms, or the surrounding circumstances. Thus a pine, backed by a

near hill, appears of a lighter green, while a white willow, backed by the sky, appears of a darker blue. As a general rule it may be stated then, that large masses of dark in flowers, as well as trees, are more productive of effect than large masses of white.

This subject might be pursued further with advantage, perhaps, but enough has been said to enable the experienced reader to observe for himself. A person who has a natural feeling for colors will have already arrived at the results we have pointed out. By bearing these principles in mind, no great errors can ever be committed; but to obtain the most beautiful effects of mixture of colors in flowers, there must doubtless be a certain degree of natural taste for colors; or a considerable share of experience in their use in artistic work.

Harmony, whether in colors, sounds, or forms, is alike produced by the union of concords and discords on certain general principles, which are easily laid down; but the application of which, so as to produce a superior effect, can only be obtained by minds endowed by Nature with taste and genius, and highly cultivated by art. But, notwithstanding, these rules are sufficient, if adhered to, always to produce a good result. A badly-arranged bouquet is instantly detected by the educated eye, to which it becomes an offensive object.

"Titan ennobled men; Correggio raised children into angels; Raphael performed the more audacious work of restoring to woman her pristine purity. Perugino was worthy of leading him by the hand. I am not surprised that Rubens is the prime favorite of tulip-fanciers; but give me the clear, warm mornings of Correggio, his large-eyed angels, just in puberty, so enjoy. Give me the glowing afternoons of Titian, his majestic men, his gorgeous women, and (with a prayer to protect my virtue) his Bacchantes. Yet, signors! we may descant on grace and majesty, as we will; believe me there is neither majesty so calm, concentrated, sublime, and self-possessed (true attributes of the divine), nor is there grace at one time so human, at another time so superhuman, as in Raphael. He leads us into heaven; but neither in satin robes, nor with ruddy faces. He excludes the glare of light from the sanctuary; but there is an ever-burning lamp, an ever-ascending hymn; and the purified eye sees, as distinctly as 'is lawful, the divinity of the place. I delight in Titian; I love Correggio; I wonder at the vastness of Michael Angelo; I admire, love, wonder, and then fall down before Raphael."—*Cardinal Albani.*

REVERENCE FOR AGE.

BY JUSTIN WINSON.

Come, thou! oh, gentle youth! leave off thy vain conceits,

Go, take your old man by the hand, and ask
How he has borne him through this worldly task;
And how life's gall was tempered by life's sweets.
Slowly and weak his heart pulsating beats,
That once was swelling high in pride and hope;
That knows that the muscles now too loose to cope
With perils, once were strung in manly feats.
Know that the memories that round him cluster,
Read like the legends of the buried Past.
Though mind and eye have lost their former lustre,
They yet may try your horoscope to cast;
To point the path to take, the one to shun,
What best to do, and what to leave undone.

ORIGINAL AND NATIONAL POETS.*

THE originality of poets, and the nationality of poems, are topics that have been started for new discussion, since the publication of Professor Longfellow's last poem. We have a word to say upon the two points before we come to the poem.

The previous works of our Cambridge poet have been abundantly picked to pieces, both by friends and opponents; and a thought here mated with a thought there in some other poet—a form of expression here set off against a similar one there, and even whole poems paralleled, almost section by section, with those of other poets. The "Building of the Ship," is placed beside Schiller's "Casting of the Ball;" "Evangeline," beside Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea;" "The Golden Legend," beside "Faust," and this new production is, rightly or not, pronounced the counterpart of some Scandinavian or Finnish poem: or, with a more sweeping comparison, his whole works are charged with Germanisms in thought and feeling. "If all this is true, Professor Longfellow is the veriest pilferer imaginable—a plagiarist, beyond comparison." Such is the assertion of his detractors, to which they require an unqualified yes or no. The question cannot be answered so hastily, we think; and, even allowing the "truth" of the introductory clause, we venture to think there should be given to the jurymen a latitude for his decision, beyond the simple verdict the indictment would call for.

Plagiarism presents itself to us in manifold lights. We premise we are not of that class of critics, who, as Coleridge says, imagine that every ill they find flowing comes from a perforation in another man's tank. It is not that we feel the sting of Sir Walter Scott's rebuke, that it is "a favorite theme of laborious dulness to trace coincidences, because they appear to reduce genius of the higher order to the usual standard of humanity, and, of course, to bring the author nearer to a level with his critics;" for we like this searching for similarities, and the corroboration of our suspicions concerning them, as a literary recreation; and a harmless one, too, we deem it, if we can avoid the vanity the quotation hints at, and can look, with an eye to plausibility of accident, after we have found them. We also can listen, without wincing, to the round *Johnsonness* of the Rambler—"When the excellence of a new composition can no longer be contested, and malice is compelled to give way to the unanimity of applause, there is yet this one expedient to be tried, by which the author may be degraded, though his work be revered"—for we hold ourselves as standing in due reverential regard for the author of the poem before us, as well as for the production itself.

The boldest and greatest plagiarists, it is well known, are the greatest of writers—those who can afford both to presume on their favor with the public, and on their own genius, that what they may borrow will speedily become, as it were, a part of themselves, and by a perfect assimilation, go forth again to the world as part and

* (*Song of Hiawatha*, by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor and Fields).